

this is why i told you not to catch feelings, dream

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by [Ros3mary](#)

Summary

Ladyboy and Dream Noir play truth or dare, and then they kiss. That's it. That's the fic.

Notes

i take an big poopy *shows u this fic*

myself, my sister, & my best friend worked rlly hard on the suit designs!! go check em out maybe? :) <https://marble-seafoam.tumblr.com/post/620064501831811072/with-the-power-of-3-incompetent-people-myself>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ladyboy's feet barely made a sound on the concrete rooftop as he landed, but Dream Noir's ears perked anyways. Ladyboy, even while trying his best, had never been able to sneak up on his partner. He doubted he ever would, at least while Dream Noir carried the black cat miraculous.

Dream twisted around to see Ladyboy. He was sitting on a short chimney with one leg tucked under the other. "Nice of you to finally show up," He said sarcastically, but the unrestrained, sincere delight in his eyes sold a different story.

"Ha, ha," Ladyboy said. His heart thumped painfully at the sight of Dream Noir looking so earnest. He absentmindedly rubbed at his chest as he walked over and settled down gingerly on the rooftop. Dream's foot kicked dangerously close to Ladyboy's face before he batted it away, scowling.

“What took you so long?” Dream Noir prompted, putting his face in both hands, elbows on his knees.

Oh, you know, just staring at pictures of my classmate who I’m hopelessly in love with, Ladyboy thought. His cheeks pinked a little, and he ducked his head, rubbing at the back of his neck. “Oh, you know,” He said, laughing nervously. “Stuff and things.”

When he glanced back up at Dream, he found his partner’s eyes unbearably soft. A sickly sweet feeling coated Ladyboy’s ribs. “Yeah, okay,” Dream said. “I bet you were busy... running a meth lab.”

“Dream!” The word expelled from Ladyboy in a burst, the bittersweet feeling melting away. “A meth lab? What is wrong with you!”

Dream Noir burst into wheezes, sitting up and throwing his head back.

“It’s not that funny,” Ladyboy grumbled, pouting at the open sky, which was darkening to a pale pink.

“Your face!” Dream replied, turning his cheeky grin towards Ladyboy. Ladyboy could almost see how his nose wrinkled, and wondered if Dream Noir’s eyes would be crinkled in the corners from all his smiling under his two-colored mask.

“Whatever,” Ladyboy bit back, but he was smiling now, too. “I bet you live in a travelling circus.”

“If it’s travelling, how am I always here to fight with you?” Dream replied, tapping his forehead as if his response was brilliant.

“Fine, then I think you live in a tiny apartment with a million cats.”

“Ugh, no way. I am not a cat person.” Dream said with a chuckle. Ladyboy raked him with a dubiously raised eyebrow that Dream just laughed at. “Maybe a million ladybugs.” He added cheekily, smiling far too softly at Ladyboy.

Ladyboy’s cheeks flushed, partly because he was easily flustered, partly because he never knew what to say to Dream Noir’s affections. He’d already made it clear that he wouldn’t return them. “You’re stupid,” He said with a snort. “They’d all die anyways. That’s too many.”

“Oh, and a million cats isn’t too many?”

“No, of course not.” Ladyboy stretched his legs out in front of him and leaned back on his palms. “In fact, I dare you to get a million cats.”

Dream shook his head, fixing Ladyboy with a wrinkled nosed stare. “Then I dare you to steal the Mona Lisa.” He declared.

“Oh, like your Copycat?” Ladyboy snarked, poking fun at the akumatized villain that had taken Dream Noir’s exact form months ago.

The cat superhero’s face crinkled in distaste. “Yeah, whatever. That guy was a real tool. I mean, it was obvious who was the real Dream.” His words were absolutely dripping with confidence, but the look he shot Ladyboy begged hopefulness.

Ladyboy took pity in his partner, reaching up to pat his knee placatingly. “Yeah, kitty. I knew which dumb cat was my dumb cat, don’t worry.”

A cock-eyed grin took over Dream's face, and he looked away. "Yeah, well." He said, then coughed as if holding back a purr. "Uh, truth or dare?"

"What?" Ladyboy rose an eyebrow at Dream Noir, which he wouldn't see. "That's stupid, I'm not doing that."

"C'mon, we were already daring each other! Truth or dare?" Dream said again, directing his stupid grin towards Ladyboy.

"Those were joke dares!" Ladyboy protested. Huffing, he crossed his arms over his chest and said, "Ugh, truth."

Dream hummed thoughtfully, making a big show of tapping his finger on his chin, as if he were really thinking hard about it. "How many crushes have you had?" He ended up asking, a cheeky smile overtaking his face.

"Dream!" Ladyboy spluttered, going red in the face. "You can't just- ugh!" Ladyboy dropped his head in his hands and mentally did the math. There was that one bloke in middle school, who's name he couldn't even remember, the brief couple weeks he'd crushed on Nick (looking back, *ugh*), and then the long, currently running infatuation with Clay. "Three." He admitted in a grumble.

"Only three?" Dream Noir said, the smile going wide and toothy.

"Oh yeah, what about you then?" Ladyboy shot back, glaring at his partner.

"I didn't say truth," Dream chided.

Ladyboy groaned, loudly, but figured he'd might as well get something out of this interaction. "I feel like a stupid fifth grader. Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

His nose wrinkled as he looked Dream Noir up and down, thinking. Finally, he said, "I dare you to go and catch a mouse."

"An actual mouse?" Dream Noir shouted. His eyes lit up with a sort of surprised delight at Ladyboy.

"Yeah. Go on, kitty, fetch." Ladyboy shot back cheekily.

He didn't actually expect Dream to go and do it, which is why he was genuinely surprised when Dream stood up and walked to the edge of the roof. "One mouse coming up, m'lord," Dream Noir said, saluting Ladyboy cockily and then falling backwards off the edge of the roof.

Ladyboy made a noise of surprise, but Dream Noir rose back up quickly, propelling away with his staff. Ladyboy crawled to the edge of the roof, watching as Dream dropped down in the entrance of an alleyway.

A couple civilians walking gaped clearly at Dream, who just bowed, the cocky bastard, and then he scampered up onto a dumpster and stared into the alley.

"You're joking," Ladyboy muttered to himself.

After a minute or two, Dream Noir's ears perked up, and he went ramrod still. Ladyboy gaped as

his partner dove suddenly towards a pile of actual trash. Dream went out of sight for a couple seconds, then jumped up and waved enthusiastically in Ladyboy's direction.

Ladyboy had barely enough time to scoot backwards before Dream Noir landed back in front of him, his silver baton swirling neatly in his hand. Dream unceremoniously dropped a wriggling rat- a real rat! -at Ladyboy's feet. Ladyboy stared at the rat, which was flopping around on it's back, then looked up and stared at Dream.

Dream Noir's tail was swishing enthusiastically behind him. His ears were perked, and his chest was puffed out. He was also staring at the rat, but with a bright-eyed, slit-pupil gaze. Ladyboy snorted, feeling his chest flood with affection for this stupid bastard.

"Did I win the dare?" Dream asked, looking up to meet Ladyboy's eyes. If possible, he flushed with even more pride.

Like a housecat that dropped a dead bird on his owner's doorstep, Ladyboy thought fondly. "You don't win dares, idiot," Ladyboy said, carefully pushing himself a little farther from the small rat, which was starting to sniff at his spotted boots. "Sure. You won. Just get this rat out of here."

"Out of here?" Dream parroted, tilting his head at Ladyboy.

Ladyboy screwed his nose up, a disbelieving grin crossing his face. "What, did you expect me to eat it?" He teased.

Dream flushed, then, and he kicked the rat lightly off the roof.

"Dream!" Ladyboy shouted, leaning over. The rat landed in a dumpster, then got up and went about its business.

"What? It was a rat, dude," Dream protested, holding his hands up.

"I think your miraculous is getting to your head," Ladyboy said critically, eyeing Dream Noir up and down.

His partner snorted. "Sure. It's my turn now." He walked back to his chimney and lounged on it again, his ankle resting on his knee. "Truth or dare?"

Ladyboy drummed his fingers lightly on his knee. He didn't want to part with anymore embarrassing secrets, but he also dreaded to know what Dream's punishment would be for making him catch a rat, even if he did seem to weirdly enjoy it. "Dare," He finally said, reluctantly.

It was the wrong answer, because Dream's face instantly split with a grin. "I dare you to go ask a random person for their autograph."

"What?" Ladyboy said loudly. "No way! That's so embarrassing!"

"If you pass on a dare, you have to take a truth," Dream said, sing-song, and the impish look on his face is what made Ladyboy stand up, grumbling.

"I don't even have a pen or paper," Ladyboy complained. Dream said nothing, just laughed at him, so Ladyboy grabbed one of his yo-yo's from his waist and swung down to the street.

A couple people ooh'd and ahh'd as he landed on the sidewalk, but Ladyboy ignored all that, searching the street for someone who looked like they'd be the least humiliating to ask for an autograph from.

Suddenly, his gaze caught on two familiar heads walking out of the park, and Ladyboy's face brightened as he remembered Nick and Darryl's plans to go to the park today. It seemed like they were just leaving.

Ladyboy sprinted towards them, and thanks to his miraculous wasn't even winded slightly went he caught up.

"Hey! Civilians!" Ladyboy said brightly, making both of them turn towards him.

Nick seemed flabbergasted, but Darryl, Ladyboy's best friend who had known George was Ladyboy from almost day one, just squinted at him.

"I was wondering if either of you had a pen," Ladyboy said, smiling.

The two looked at each other, and then Nick reached into his bag and pulled out a pen, offering it to Ladyboy in a way that said 'please don't bite me'.

"Awesome, thank you so much. Can I get your signatures?" Ladybug said, and he had to cover his mouth with his hand to stop himself from laughing.

"Where?" Nick asked, confused as all hell, and Darryl just said "Oh, my goodness." in an exasperated way.

"Uhhh," Ladyboy looked down at his hands, covered in a skin-tight black gloves, and then touched his cheek. "My cheek?" He said, and it sounded like a question.

"I have things to do," Darryl said, taking the pen from Ladyboy's hands and scribbling his name onto Ladyboy's cheek. Ladyboy winced a little at the feeling. "Here," Darryl added, giving Nick the pen.

Nick's eyes were wide, but he obeyed, writing his own name in smaller print under his friend's.

"Thank you so much," Ladyboy said, biting his lip as he smiled at them. Darryl just gave him a stern look that read 'we are talking about this later', and Nick nodded.

As Ladyboy turned and started to swing back to Dream, he heard Nick say, "What just happened?" and he couldn't stop the laughter from spilling past his lips. If only Clay had been there; Ladyboy would have loved to get *his* signature. Unfortunately, much like Ladyboy, Clay had declined going to the park with his friends. Well, probably not too much like Ladyboy, because Ladyboy had declined in order to see his superhero partner. Not many other people were jumping around the rooftops of Paris in spandex. Just one, actually.

"You did it? Let me see," Dream Noir demanded as Ladyboy landed. Ladyboy walked up to him and showed off the ink on his cheek. "'Darryl rules' and 'Nick was here'," He read, and Ladyboy laughed again.

"I did it, thank you, it was humiliating." Ladyboy said, sticking his tongue out at Dream Noir.

Dream's nose wrinkled, an unfamiliar expression touching his multicolored eyes. "Okay, fine. Your turn."

"I dare you to go get me a bunch of dandelions," Ladyboy said without hesitation.

His partner's head tilted, similar to a dog's. "Dandelions?" He parroted.

"Yes, the yellow flower?" Ladyboy said, saying it slowly as if Dream were stupid.

"Well, they're weeds," Dream started, and then he paused. "What is this, a scavenger hunt?"

"Are you taking the truth, then?"

Dream stood up and brushed nonexistent dust off his legs. "Fine, fine, I'm going."

It took just a touch longer than the rat hunt, but after a few minutes, Dream Noir came back to the roof, with a big handful of freshly plucked dandelions. He handed off the pseudo bouquet to Ladyboy, who took it with a self-satisfied smile, and then he sat back down on the chimney.

"I almost got in trouble for picking them with the park ranger," Dream said, giving Ladyboy a stink eye with no real heat. "What do you want them for, anyways?"

Ladyboy, who had already started delicately weaving the flowers together, raised an eyebrow and said, "I didn't say truth."

"Ugh, you're so annoying," Dream Noir groaned. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth," Ladyboy said, as he couldn't put the flowers down until he was done.

Dream Noir's mouth bunched to the side in concentration, and then smoothed over with a devilish grin. "What was your last wet dream about?"

"Dream!" Ladyboy shouted, almost dropping the flowers. His face went pink instantly, and as he looked wide-eyed up at Dream Noir, he found Dream's face taking a red tone as well. "What the hell?"

"Are you taking a dare, then?" Dream challenged, and his face turned redder.

Ladyboy spluttered, again, wrenching his gaze away. "It was about- about- this guy. In my class." He said, and didn't offer anything more.

"Oh, so interesting," Dream said sarcastically. "Okay, your turn. I choose truth."

"I didn't even ask yet!" Ladyboy complained.

Dream wheezed, and waved at him imploringly.

"Truth or dare?" Ladyboy asked.

"Truth," Dream Noir said, still laughing a little.

His hands moving on the flower band again, Ladyboy said, a little spitefully, "What was *your* last wet dream about?"

Dream seemed taken aback, if the way he physically leaned back was any inclination. "Uhhh. You- you know. Having, like. Sex."

"With who?" Ladyboy challenged, and then immediately regretted it when Dream Noir's face went *hellishly* red and he ducked his head, breaking eye contact. Ladyboy's arms raked with goosebumps at the thought of Dream Noir tossing and turning, maskless, dreaming about him.

"A guy," Dream stammered, and Ladyboy shook his head slightly, turning his pink face towards his flowers.

Taking pity on his partner, Ladyboy said, "I choose truth again. It's your turn."

"Boring," Dream said. "Uh, what's your favorite color?"

"And you call me boring," Ladyboy chided. The flowers twirled effortlessly under his fingers, as he was used to make flower crowns for his younger sisters, which is why he could spare a few seconds when his eyes glazed over. He thought about Clay's eyes, soft and blue, and he said, "Blue, definitely. Truth or dare?"

"Dare," Dream Noir said quickly. Ladyboy strung the last dandelion through the crown, and then handed it off to Dream with a flourish.

"I dare you to wear this for the rest of the day," Ladyboy said, eyes crinkling with a smile.

Dream took the crown gingerly, looking at it as if it were something to awe at. "You're weird," He said, but his soft eyes and flush didn't agree with his words. Carefully, Dream put the dandelion crown on, minding his leather ears.

"You look like Bad," Ladyboy said with a laugh, thinking of Darryl's superhero suit. When Ladyboy had given his friend the mouse miraculous, Darryl had gained a brightly colored flower crown with the transformation.

"Yeah, whatever." Dream said, rolling his eyes at Ladyboy.

Ladyboy tapped his chin as if in thought, then revised his statement, saying, "No, you're not cute enough. Bad's adorable."

"Hey!" Dream protested, glaring at Ladyboy faux angrily.

Ladyboy laughed, shaking his head. "It's your turn," He said. "Go!"

Grumbling a little, Dream Noir said, "Truth or dare?"

"Dare," Ladyboy said confidently.

"I dare you to lick a car and get photographed doing it," Dream said, smirking at Ladyboy. Ladyboy's eyes widened, thinking about just how many articles a picture of that would end up on.

"No, I'm not doing that! Truth." Ladyboy said, scowling at Dream.

Dream Noir just laughed loudly. "Fine, baby." His two toned gaze turned thoughtfully serious as he looked at Ladyboy, in a way that made Ladyboy's arm rake with goosebumps under the suit. "What was your first kiss like?"

Ladyboy felt his cheeks turn dangerously hot. "I, uh, I haven't had it."

"You've never kissed anyone?" Dream said, looking genuinely surprised.

"Have you?" Ladyboy shot back, trying to cover his embarrassment, as if the words were a tarp to throw over his itching blush.

His partner shrugged loosely. "One or two people." He responded, with a dismissive tone. His eyes carefully avoided meeting Ladyboy's, instead gazing at the horizon.

A tiny tingle of pain lit up Ladyboy's brain as he bit down on his bottom lip. "So you, like, know how to kiss, then?" He asked. His voice had lowered, not quite a whisper, not quite a normal tone.

“It’s pretty easy.” Dream said. His eyes dropped down to his lap, and he mumbled something that Ladyboy couldn’t make out.

“What?” Ladyboy said, leaning towards Dream a little.

Dream Noir coughed, his face going very red under his mask. “I said I could teach you,” He said, louder, pressing the words out in a rush. His gloved hand reached up and tugged on his hair, nervously, black leather against blonde and calico-patched strands.

Ladyboy leaned back, blinking at his partner. Dream was the epitome of embarrassed, shoulders hunched and face red, jerking on his hair as if to pull it out. He still wasn’t looking at Ladybug. Ladyboy’s cheeks turned pink as he stuttered out, “S-sure. I mean, why not?”

Dream’s back straightened abruptly. His miscolored eyes shot towards Ladyboy. “Seriously?” He said.

The ladybug spotted hero’s shoulders jerked, up and down, loose like a puppet’s. “What’s the worst that could happen, I get cooties? It would be nice to know how.” He said, and was actually proud of himself for sounding so confident about it.

Dream Noir slipped off the chimney and crouched in front of Ladyboy in a single fluid motion. He put his hands on Ladyboy’s knees, steadying his own crouch, and Ladyboy’s cheeks went as hot as the sun. He was starting to realize what he’d said when Dream leaned into Ladyboy’s face, seeming himself shaky with nerves. “Just follow my lead,” Dream whispered, and Ladyboy nodded, wide-eyed.

Dream screwed his eyes shut as if in pain, and Ladyboy didn’t even have the foresight to shut his own before Dream closed the gap, pressing their lips together in a burning seal.

Ladyboy sucked in a sharp inhale at the touch, his hands flailing around in a sort of panic. Dream’s fingers dug in a little on Ladyboy’s knees, and he tilted his head slightly, his lips starting to move oh so softly against Ladyboy’s. Ladyboy’s eyelids fluttered closed, and hesitantly, his hands lifted to rest gently on either side of Dream’s face.

As if cued by this, Dream dropped from his crouch onto his knees, framed by Ladyboy’s legs. His hands moved from Ladyboy’s knees to curl around Ladyboy’s forearms, clinging almost desperately, as if he were a man lost at sea and Ladyboy’s kiss was a lifeline.

Chest exploding with fireworks, tingly and colorful, Ladyboy pushed forward, aching for more contact. Their noses bumped a little as Ladyboy pulled them closer, trying his best to mimic what Dream was doing with his lips.

Eventually, Dream Noir’s mouth opened, and Ladyboy jumped when he felt a tongue pressing against his lips. Dream started to pull back, but Ladyboy surged forward, parting his own lips messily. He was starting to get lightheaded with the kissing, between the feeling of Dream Noir’s breath puffing hot against his lips, and the fact that he kept forgetting to breathe.

After what felt like hours, Dream pulled back. Ladyboy followed him almost instinctively, dizzy with Dream’s heat and touch. He was almost panting, breath coming out in hard little puffs.

“You’re supposed to breathe through your nose.” Dream said, voice a little shaky, but mostly aching earnest. His gloved hands slid from Ladyboy’s forearms down to his elbows.

A shiver curled up Ladyboy’s spine. He sounded so very much like... “Clay,” Ladyboy breathed, unthinking.

Dream went ramrod still, his hands tightening almost to the point of painful on Ladyboy's arms. "What did you say?" Dream said, hushed.

"Wha?" Ladyboy whispered back. His eyes fluttered open slowly. Slowly and choppily, as if swinging a diamond sword through lag, he registered both what he said and Dream's stricken, wide-eyed expression. Ladyboy leaned back, panicked. Had he really been thinking about nuzzling into *Dream Noir's* neck? "Uh- sorry! It's not what you think-,"

"How long have you known my identity?" Dream blurted, and Ladyboy faltered.

"Your identity?" Ladyboy parroted.

"You said my name," Dream Noir said, whispering it as if it were a very big secret.

Ladyboy's brain crashed, restarted, and then crashed again. "Clay?" He whispered.

Fidgeting a little, Dream whispered back, "Yes..?"

"Ohmygodyou'reClay?" It poured out of Ladyboy in a rush, and he rocketed to his feet, tearing out of Dream's grip. He started to pace, jerkily, bouncing on his feet with every step with a headrush of anxiety.

Dream's multicolored eyes went wide as saucers as he watched Ladyboy walk. He was still kneeling, hands up almost in surrender, in a way. "Why did you say my name if you didn't know?"

"Because I'm-!" Ladyboy twirled on his heel to face Dream, and swept an arm through the air. "I'm in l-love with- with a Clay, and you.. I was overwhelmed with, like.. you know!"

"You're in love with a Clay?" Dream said, voice going quiet again.

Ladyboy let out a closed mouth, muffled scream of frustration, pressing his balled fists into his eyes. How could he have let so much spiral out of control in under an hour?

After a pause, Dream Noir whispered, "Claws in."

His black and calico suit blazed away in a green light. Ladyboy stumbled back, as if the sight of Clay sitting there, tight-lipped and pink-faced, was a physical blow.

Wincing a little, Clay gestured to himself and asked, "This Clay?"

Ladyboy melted into a cross-legged sitting position, just kind of looking at Clay. He nodded once, then fell silent, cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk. A very red chipmunk.

Ignoring that completely, Clay said, "You're really in love with me?" with such an awed tone, as if the idea surprised him so much, that Ladyboy had to nod again, actually feeling a little misty-eyed. Clay's big blue eyes widened and he leaned back, whispering, "Wow."

"Shut up," Ladyboy said, defensive on Clay's behalf. "It's not that surprising."

"No?" Clay said back, wheezing a little. They were both silent for a heartbeat, and then Clay added, in a lilting, soft little murmur, "I'm in love with you too, yknow."

Ladyboy looked up at him, taking in how Clay's shoulders hunched and his face went so red. "You don't even know me." Ladyboy protested, anxiously tugging at the string of one of his yo-yos, slung low on his hips.

“Then show me,” Clay said, looking up at Ladyboy again with bug-eyed earnestness. “I promise nothing could make me change my mind. And if I already know you, since you love me,” and they both ignored how he stumbled over the word ‘love’, “then surely I already like you *at least* !”

“Yeah, real convincing,” Ladyboy muttered sourly, his fingers twitching. Anxiety curled around his head like a halo of smog. “Tikki, spots off.” He said, the words stalling like an old car’s rusted engine.

His suit burned away nonetheless, with a gentle pink light. George reached up quickly to smooth down his hair, only remembering that Clay could see him after.

“ *George* ?” Clay shouted, and George jumped a little, his brown eyes dancing up finally to meet Clay’s blue.

“Hi,” George said, cringing. His insides felt like they were curling in on themselves.

“I told you so.” Clay said confidently. “I’m never wrong.”

“What are you talking about?” George demanded, watching with a notch of panic as Clay crawled closer to him like an uncivilized animal.

Clay cupped George’s face with his hands. George was sure that Clay could hear how his heart was pounding against his chest. “I love you,” Clay said, sincere and soft-eyed, and then he brought their lips together for the second time that night. George made a wordless noise of surprise against Clay’s lips, his fingers spazzing by his sides.

George jerked back, blinking owlishly at Clay. “You’re serious?” He breathed.

Looking a little annoyed at the kiss being broken so fast, Clay said, “What do you mean?”

“It’s okay that I’m- that I’m-,” George swept a hand towards all of himself. With no reaction from Clay, he prompted, “You know, me?”

Clay just stared at him.

“You’re not disappointed?” George pressed. “It’s okay?”

At that, Clay’s blonde eyebrows slanted handsomely. “George,” He said, crackling like a bonfire but oh so soft. “Of course it’s ‘okay’. It’s amazing! I’m so glad it’s you.”

“Really?” George whispered.

In lieu of an answer, Clay jerked forward and sealed their lips together almost desperately. George’s hands curled in the fabric of Clay’s hoodie as he scrambled to pull their bodies flush, yearning for touch. This kiss didn’t last nearly as long as the first, but it was faster and more desperate. Very quickly, George found himself on his back with Clay leaning over him, drinking in each other as if they were drunk on the other’s kisses.

Finally, Clay broke apart with a gasp, but stayed close enough that the tips of their noses were still touching. This time, they were both panting.

“I love you,” Clay whispered. George shivered, one of his hands reaching up to tangle in Clay’s blonde hair. He felt safe and small with his head framed between Clay’s forearms.

George pressed another short, chaste kiss to Clay’s lips, then whispered just as lovingly, “I’m

never playing truth or dare with you again.”

Clay’s responding cackles could probably be heard across all of Paris.

End Notes

cyberbully me on tumblr at marble-seafoam, or maybe drop a nice comment to boost my ego??

i hope u like the fic tho for realsies :)

also lmk if you want another fic in this au purrhaps?

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!